## The Ohio Democrat,

BREHM & WHITE, Publisher.

LOGAN. : : OHIO.

#### TO A COMET.

"Night unto night showsth knowledge." In what far realms of undiscovered light,
Thou radiant wanderer of the upper deep,
Didst thou begin, in long and ceaselese
flight,
Through spaces wide thy shining course to
keep?

When at Creation's morn each new-born To their great Maker woke the blissful was't then He did the golden gates unbar. And send thee forth to swell the Heavenly throng?

So vast the spaces where thy flight hath No mortal eye bath watched that flight be-

Thou shinest but a moment, and again Upon thy way art gone forevermore.

Bayond the verge whence the remotest sun Back to our earth sheds his co-estial ray, Thou soon wilt pass as though but just be-The journey to thy home so far away.

Fain would we know the secrets of thy path.
Of suns unknown, with systems round them rouled.
And heavens all new, such as the prophet hath In coming ages for our earth foretold.

Art thou, indeed, the harbinger of wee, Of dire disaster, and of way's alarms— Celestial signal of the coming fee, With noise of battle and the clash of arms?

Not so we read, upon thy shining form, The prophecy of wee, and human ill, But rather of the voice that quells the storm, And bids the raging seas in peace be still.

From scenes like these one lesson we would Which all God's glorious works unceasing That works Divine, howe'er those works ap-

Pear,
Are wrought by Him alone whose name is Love,
—J. A. Bassett, in Christian at Work.

### THE YELLOW CAB.

Why Its Inmate Mistook Its Driver for a Lunatic.

It was a close cab I hailed-a yellow cab-and its number was 1,676. 1 remember the number distinctly, and I will tell you how it happened that its number and color have stuck like burrs to my memory. When I got out of the door of the Freemasons' tayern (on the night of February -, 1860), where the dinner of the "B nevolent Superannunted N ght-Porters' Association" had been held, and called a close cab from the stand, as the cabman got slowly down from his box and opened the door for me, with that natty twist and tug peculiar to the craft, I looked inside torn nearly in half and that the foot of my mind, till a certain growing apmat was kicked up in a dirty heap in prehension overpowered it. one corner. Upon which, observing the number of the cab to be 1,676, and somewhat, perhaps, exhibarated by the "Benevolent Night-Portors" champagne, I remarked good-naturedly that "one might expect things to be at sixes and sevens in cab 1,676." The cabman grayled something in return but he growled something in return, but he made no o her an-wer.

"Vore to, sir?" said the cabman, forcing the door with great difficulty into its proper place, and then with all his strength grinding down the rusty or bruised handle

"To 4 De Beauvoir terrace, Downbam Green. Hammersmith. "And how many miles do you make

I replied that I called it not quite five. "Not much le-s," said the man bitterly, with a growl, as he put one foot on the step to mount to his coach-box. "And mind it's double fure, sir, after twelve," he added, returning again to carefully pull up both windows, and to reopen and reslam the opposite door of the cab. I did not like the vindictive look he gave me as he did this; but I said nothing, for I knew his number, and the wine made me reckless of all dangers, but I did not know the motive

of all that care then.
"Will you go on." I cried, "with
your rams ackled cab, or I'll take another one-a better one."

"Ve'll go on fast enough presently," growled the ill-conditioned fellow, with a peculiar emphasis, as he jumped up on his seat. The horse spirittered about for a moment on the stones, struck out a spark or two with his hoofs, and then sprang forward. The waterman fling-ing down his bucket, took off his hat ironically to my driver. I heard a voice behind us calling for a "cab, quick.

"Take care how you drive that there gentleman," cried out a policeman, and we were off. The lamps of Long Acre passed us in quick procession, it seemed but a minute, and we were in St. Martin's lane. At that instant the gusty wind bore across the road the half-pas twelve struck by the bell of St. Martin's

The driver, thinking of his over-fare, turned, and tapping at the window, with a brutal leer, asked me if I heard "the clock a-striking;" but I did not reply, for I had taken a strange dislike to the man, and my only wish now was to get as soon as possible to my own home, and rid myself of a fellow probably half intoxicated and evidently determined to

be extortionate and troublesome.

By this time it had begun to rain fast; the mist, before wavering and wanderbeat fiercely against the cab windows. covering them with a moving surface of water, that rendered it impossible for one to see out of e ther glass. The wind, too, beat against the cab and flew howling before us up the street. Still we drove on fast and steadily up Regent street, where now nothing could be seen but a stray policeman cowering up in a

Through a pleasant haze the past hours seen ed again to defile before me. I went through all the moments from the time the man at the door gave me the ticket for my hat to the time that I gave it back again to the same man and told the waiter to call me a cab from the nearest stand. I remembered all the bows and hand-shakings of the commit-tee-room, and how at last, in an irregu-lar body, we moved into the dining-hall, marshaled by the jolly looking, portly stewards, with blue rosettes at her button-holes, I remembered the buzz as old Lord Foptoodle, our noble chairman, arrived and took his seat. I remem-bered, too, with a smile, the bursting out of "Down Among the Barley," from the professional singers just as the dessert was set upon the table. Then came the procession round the table of the "Superannuated Night-Porters" and the tremendous auctioncer's blow alded the first toast. Again I seemed to near the speeches, the insincere compli-ments, the ridiculous praise, and the

plates, I heard the treasurer read those

toodle.

Cheshire." [Renewed cheers.] Again, too, for the twentieth time, I heard the treasurer thank the secretary, and the secretary thank the treasurer; and then, at last, not a little flurried I rose myself to propose "The Ladies," who smiled up-on us in the gallery-I all the time thinking only of pretty little Nelly Pledgett, my doctor's daughter, whom I saw beaming and radiant in a front sent. I got quite eloquent on the subject of female beauty, and sat down amid tremendous applause. I was replied to by the goot doctor, who, thanking the meeting on behalf of the ladies, begged to propose the health of one of the best friends of the society need he say he alluded to—"Osbert Wilk'nson, Esq.?" [cheers.] But suddenly, through all these mot-

ley recollections, there flashe I a painful thought a suspicious apprehension of I scarcely knew what coming evil. seemed, when I think of it now, almost like a presentiment of what shortly after happened. I remember that, as I sat down, somewhat heated by my speech, and was pouring myself out a glass of that excellent sherry to wind up with, my old frend the doctor-who. by the way, sat opposite me at dinner —leaned across the table and gave me a peculiarly keen and searching look from under those thick gray eyebrows of his.

"What does that detective's look of yours mean, doctor?" said I, pleasantly

"It means that you must take care of yourself," said he in a grave voice, and no more passed between us, for at that moment I rose to leave, having some bus ness that wou'd call me up early in the morning. He followed me out, though, and when we shook hands in the doorway I am not sure that he did not hold his stop-watch in one hand and feel my pulse with the other, but I was so busy helping Nelly on with her searlet opera cloak that I did not pay much at-tention to the nervous old fellow, who, between ourselves, I think is rather getting past work; he worries one so with warnings and mysterious threats, as if I wasn't in the finest health, and my life insurance just advantageously set-tled. Dear Nelly! what as anxious look she ; ave me as I stepped into my

cab! I was sure that girl loved me.

All this evening I had been haunted with anxieties about that troublesome chancery case of mine, "Wormwood versus Widgett," the vexation and delays of which had nearly driven me mad. had really felt quite giddy over it that very morning, and began to get alarmed about overwork ng my brain, as my doctor taxed me with doing. I could and saw that one of the cushions was not get the thought of it, even now, out

> It was here that, for the first time, I began somehow or other to have some vague apprehension of the sanity or of my driver. Then thronging into my brain stories I had heard years ago in Paris of a celebrat d and dangerous gang of thieves who had The cabman for their accomplices many of the drivprocure into obscure streets, and there robbed and sometimes murdered them. Was I to be the victim of such a scheme? -and if I was, what hope had I, alone and unarmel, to es ape, at such an

it?" sa d the sullen rogue again, as he rudely thrust his rough face in at the window, speaking with a sour, hard grass: I kicked at the panels of the door; shouted. Suddenly, with a tremenlous joit on the curb, the cab stoppe l. As the door opened I cried: "Let me out, you rascal; I'll not be robbed.' stepped forward to get out, but was met cabman, whose eyes now literally glared

with rage. "That's enough of your mad tricks, Bedlam Billy," he said, as he thrust me back violently into the cab; "you vant a straight vesteut, you do, and you shall have one;" then, slamming the door with a wrench that showed extraordinary strength, he leaped on the box and drove away again with a fury that sent

me reeling into a corner of the seat. Hitherto I had dreamed only of robpery; now I was sure that the man who drove me was mad-stark, staring mad. He was going to drive me into some river, or down some pit, or in some way or other to hurry himself and me to a horr ble death. There he was now, standing up to drive, leaning for-ward to lash on the eager horse, that, box, or force open the door and throw myself out, or, breaking all the giass, shout to every one through the openings that the man who was driving me had

gone mad. On we flew, on-the horse leaving and plunging as if it would have broken from the harness. We dashed down streets whose random lamps seemed to race past us; we tore down lanes where houses were yet but few, except at the beginning. Now the wheels grazed against a post, and now against a garden wall; but still the madman drove me seemed some how or other to struggle through all dangers and drive on more frantically than before. we dashed through a turnpike. Some ing, now fell in long, lashing lines, that voices screamed after us and my driver screamed to them in return, but what they said, or what he said I could not distinguish. What could I do? use was it to threaten a maniae with violence, with blows of the fist-a man who perhaps imagined himself hunted with devils or escaping from his would-be murderers? His crazy suspicions had already, doubtless, asso-ciated me with some old persecutor or

> We were now racing up a long side street, where in the distance to my horror I could just discern through the pale light of the first daybrak a yawning pit dug for the foundations of new houses. There was no railing on the

one side, and the road was a mere deep-rutted lane, without limit or boundary. I saw at once that our fate was inevtable; it came ere I could in an any manner extricate myself from the veicle. The horse near the deepest place gave a plunge and reel, then dropped, spite of the redoubled lashing of the frantic driver—yes, fell, dragging the carriage with it into what seemed to me in that imperfect light and in that whirl of my senses a chasm of darkness, at the bottom of which crouched hideous Death waiting for his prey. There was a crash, a cry, and I fell stunned.

I know not how long I lay insensible;

extravagant self-laudation on the mu-stual-flattery system. Again, through a faint red light was striping the east-sale of greater attention.

plates, I heard the treasurer read those iresome, endless items, such as—
"Twenty pounds from Lord Fopoulds." [Cheers.]
"Ten pounds from the Marquis of the shire." [Renewed cheers.]
"Ten pounds from the Marquis of the shire." [Renewed cheers.]
"Ten pounds from the Marquis of the shire." [Renewed cheers.] din of tongues and a clattering of ern sky, and I could see surrounding and discover where I was hurt, or if an escaped madman. Luckily, the any bone was broken. To my great wound, though it bled severely, had not del ght I found myself whole and sound, blood was oozing thickly. I instantly I soon recovered, thanks to my kind took out my handkerchief and bound it doctor, but, alas! having before lost my sible, to stanch the blood till I could get assistance. But where was I, and derivers "Thank God," tien I eriest aloud, "that I am at last rid of that madman!" I looked round to see that madman!" what sort of a place the wretch had en-

snared me into.

It was an unfinished suburban street, with raw brick skeletons of houses, nary mad cabman and the yellow cab stretching their fra I dreary walls up into the misty morning air. Some were caged in with scallold poles, others had great heaps of mortar still piled up in front of them. Unfinished iron railings, doors daubed like clowns' faces, with patches of rel: windows with white erreles in their panes; gateways with gaping pits where steps were to be, everywhere met my eye. In front of me on a dead wall "Alpha Terrace," the name of this future paradise, was written in staring whitewash letters.

The only sound I could hear far or near was the restless twitter of the wakening sparrows. I touched the horse; he was dead, cold and already stiffening. The coach lay on its side, rising like a wall before me at the bottom of a new-dug foundation, some twelve feet from the roadway. It was won ierful how I had

escaped But the wretched maniae who would have taken my I fe, was he lying crushed beneath the cab? I must rouse myself and see if I could find any trace of him, though doubtless he believed me dead. If unhurt he had fied, howling and exulting, to meet with that certain detection he had not comming enough to es-eape: if injured, he had crawled away notched-out basque. The perfect-fitting to obtain help.

As these thoughts passed through my mind I stepped painfully over the dead horse, and exclaiming: "Thank God, he is gone!" walked round to the other side of the cab, which hitherto had been hidden from me. Good heavens! what graceful gown.
did I see? My enemy the malman, sitMoss-colored tricotine and striped did I see? My enemy the malman, sitting down between the upturned wheels, with his back against the body of the toilet. A jacket-bod ce of the durable carriage, quietly cutting a leather trace into two long flexible strips. On his face, which was smeared with blood and gore, there was a hideous smile of malice as his eyes met mine.
"Vy, hello, Lushington!" he said, not

appearing in the least plarmed or surprised and continu ng his task, "this is I'm not going away, Colney Hatch, vithout getting paid for your mad capers, don't think it, Mr. Hanwell. So now, then, Crazy Bill, stump up." linish, which enables it to be draped in "It is you who are mad," I said, "and straight plaits, crosswise folds, or full

I leave you to your keeper."
"Ve'll see about that," said the vilstraps, that he had now knotted into one long cord, dangling behind his back. "You must come off with me to Bediam, my man: you a'n't safe at lier, cut short at the right corner, made large; a cold-shower bath is what you want, old Billy Bedlam. Now, easy—in a cascade of silk edged with beads.

wretch, leaping on me to bind my hands. God forgive me for it, but as the fellow advanced, and ere he could seize my throat, I drew a long, broad knife stepped forward to get out, but was met by a fierce blow on the chest from the quickly from my trousers pocket and cabnan whose eves now literally glared stabled him under the left breast. He threw up his hands and screamed: madman has done it!" and fell dead on

his face. 1 stood for a moment spell-bound, but the sight of a red stream of blood winding toward my feet aroused me. I was a murderer; my brain was on fire; position is the loss of all privacy. His those drear, gaunt houses seemed dancing round me; the earth was heaving into graves. I erased the number of the cab. 1.676, to avoid detection, then threw down the knife, and fled, I knew not where, with the speed of an escaped out the knowledge of the public. This

I shall never know where I ran. passed through streets where shops were of Charlemagne, of whom it is said that beginning to be opened in the bright his meals consisted never of more than morning sun; people called on me but four courses, and that his favor te I never stopped: I leaped over gates dishes were eggs and roast meats, parand chased through the rank grass of lonely meadows. There was a dead long spits by his foresters. Luther prefrothing with pain, leaped up at every blow of the man's whip. I do not know stiliness at first in the air, and I thought why I did not instantly break both I had escaped; but presently a sound, other beverages. As a young man Melanethon was very fond of barley at first no louder than the bay of a Melanethon was very fond of barley watch-dog, seemed to gradually swell into the ciamor and cry of a vast pursuing mob. I could hear voices and the tramp of feet; the wretches had dogs with them; they were tracking and meat he disliked, and he hated all me. How strange that among them I public meals or drinking bouts. He seemed to specially distinguish the used to say that it would be easy for him voices of Dr. Pledgett and his daughter to adopt Pythagorean diet. Torquato Nelly! What had they to do there? I Tasso was very fond of preserved fruits saw the mob breaking through a distant orchard, and thought I had beaten IV. was often ill from eating them off like so many wild curs; but too many oysters or melons, suddenly in front of me, at a turning I His favorite drink was vin could not avoid, ran three men. They d'Arbois. Petor the Great liked nothpoint to a dead, bleeding man lying on the ground. I dash at them. There are blows that fall crashing on my head, of blead-and-butter to any thing else.

then there is a great darkness. When I awoke it was a soft spring Napoleon I., was very fond of coffee. morning; I was in bed in a room I had His favorite food was out cakes, but he never seen before. Oh, so neat and preferred oranges to any other kind of A goldfinch was singing pleasantly at the window, and there were Schurmann, ate spiders as a delicacy, bouquets of violets on the white cloth Lessing preferred lentals, and Klopthe dressing-table. A bright, rosy cloud rippled over the sky; supernatural enemy of his. How could I reason with him—how could I soothe such fears? Would he not leap at once at my throat like a wildeat and tear my very life out?

We were now racing up a long side where the supernatural enemy of his dinner. Schiller was in his vanified as the supernatural enemy of his. How could I soothe such fears? Would he not leap at once at my self, but a pale, hollow-faced, gaunt old supernatural enemy of his. How could I soothe such fears? Would he not leap at once at myself in the great toilet glass that faced the bed. I saw not myself, but a pale, hollow-faced, gaunt old supernatural enemy of his dinner. Schiller was in his vanified. man, whose shaven head was bound in book belonging to a Stuttgart restaurant wet bandages. It looked like that of contains some items about "Meals for Lazarus when he ascended those steps Dr. Sch ller in 1782," from which it apthat led from the inner darkness. Suddenly the door opened, and who should enter but my good friend Dr. Pledgett? It was his house I was in. He smiled a preference for peas, beans and pork; when he saw me once more conscious, but shook his tinger when he observed

that I was trying to speak.

The rest may be told in a few words. The long and the short of it was that I had had brain fever. The disease hi broken out the night of the charity dinner, as my doctor had long expected. The severe mental labor of that case of "Wormwood vs. Widgett" had been too much for my brain. Pledgett had, indeed, as he sat opposite to me at dinner that eventful night, seen premonitory symptoms of the disorder, and had tried to follow my cab. By my friend's wish the lover can present the girl's father I had been sent to his house for the with a sack or wild honey or two hyena

proved dangerous. As for myself,

with the exception of a slight spran in had then fled from the cabman, who had my right foot—at least so I thought at tried to take me safely home, seeing first; but as I put down my hand to touch my injured foot a heavy, red-clotted drop of blood fell upon it. I tal, from whence Dr. Piedge t, hearing lifted my hand to my forehead, and found there a deep cut, from which the house.

tightiy round the wound, so as, if pos- sen-es, I now lost my heart. I spent my long days of convalesc nee in wandering in the garden with Ne'ly, in practicing duets, and reading Tennyson. soon found it impossible to be without

> To-morrow week Nelly Pledgett, I am proud and nappy to say, becomes Mrs. Osbert Wilkinson, thanks to my imagi-No. 1,676, - Chicago News,

#### PRETTY TOILETTES.

Some Very Neat and Fashionable Cos-

No prettier dress can be seen for home wear than one of a grayish blue material, embroidered in small odd designs in Oriental colors, combined with plain fabric in the ground color and silk for underskirt, also shaded to match. This lower skirt is made long enough to escape touching the ground: is trimmed round the foot with a deep flounce put on in round plaits. A loos tablier, plaited in the same fashion, falls to the heading of this flounce, and over this is a short drapery of the brocaded meterial, which is puffed over the front and lengthened into a draped puff at the back. The close-fitting bodice of blue-gray material opens both in the front and at the back over a pointed plastron of the embroidered cashmere. The bodice is cut out from the waist line into turret blocks, alternately widcont-sleeves show cashmere facings and have shoulder knots of ribbon in the colors of the dress material. The upstanding collar, which is edged large beads, is of the embroidered fabr c, and serves to complete a very

velvet in moss and gold form a dre-sy silk opens wide in front, exposing a plastron of the velvet, and comes down n a deep point on each side. The sk rt is of velveteen in the silken shade, with a panel of the striped green and gold velvet at one side. A long tablier of velvet at one side. A long tablier of tricotine is draped over the front of the skirt and is fastened in loopings at the a rum start of yours, isn't it? Vot are back. The coat sleeves are fin shed you a-going to give me for my fare? with revers cuffs of the velvet, standing

collar to match.

The "Gu net" is a plain black silk of purest quality, with a beautiful, soft finish, which enables it to be draped in draperies. A costume of the Guinet black silk is made with round skirt, ers of the night flacres. These fellows drove whatever passengers they could vancing toward me, with the two leather with two side panels of beaded pas-

The graceful tunic is arranged in folds across the front, forming a tab-Now was the time to resist, however, before it was too late. My resolution was prompt. I struck at the window as loudly as I could without breaking."

I cried. "beware of a desperate man."

I cried. "beware of a desperate man." shaped piece in the back, while in front its trimming is broughtstraight down from right shoulder to over bust, and is then carried to under left arm, where it is joined by a diagonal strip running from right of neek. Collar and wrist bands to match .- Ph lade/phia Times.

# GREAT MEN'S APPETITES.

Queer Things Relished by Some of the Most Eminent Characters of History.

habits and customs, his preferences and aversions are all publicly discussed, and the following particulars show that he can not even have a favorite dish withcraving for details about the lives of great men dates back as far as the time favorite s. Die Voltaire, like Frederick the Great and food. The Dutch lady scholar, A. M. stock, who was a real gourmand, fed on salmon, mushrooms, pastry and smoked

or porter; Pope was "greatly interested" in venison, Jonathan Swift in turbot, and Sir Walter Scott in roast goose. - Pall Mall Ga ette. -There isn't much time lost in making matrimonial matches among the Hottentots. When a fellow takes a notion to a girl he rushes up and knocks her down and drags her around by the hair of the head, and the nearest society weekly at once announces an engage-ment, to be consummated as soon as pelts. - Detroit Free Press.

a preference for peas, beans and pork; Lord Byron for Chester cheese, with ale

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.

Newspaper Organ Twists the President's Kindly Tribute to the Memory of the Predecessor in Office Into ar Unconscious Indorsement of the Re-

thur which have appeared in Demozratic and Republican newspapers and yet he had the impudence to beg alike, or have fallen from the lips of of the Attorney-General that he be repreachers and statesmen, without re-gard to polities, testify to the broad, his political action. What depth a man generous, kindly spirit that fills the must be sunk to who after maligning an generous, kindly spirit that fills the Administration which puts bread and American heart in the presence of butter in his mouth, has the audae death. There is not a public man ity to ask it to restore him to an ofaround whose hier words might not fice he has forfeited? An Administra be dropped or memories evoked that tion to be strong and effective for good would jar on the hearts of the must be surrounded by men who are mourners. sonal friend or relative at whose death some unpleasant reminiscence might not be recalled from the past. But, by This must be plain to any unpredju common consent, all such unpleasant thoughts are banished on the day of mourning, and only the virtues and most plainly. The hypocritical Repub noble qualities of the deceased are re-membered. When General Grant died and from every Democratic paper throughout the land came the most touching and beautiful tributes, when the Nation was in mourning and the South seemed to be as deeply affected as the North, did any of those papers recall the days of reconstruction and the saturnalia of peculation in Washington during the Presidential Administrations of the great soldier? they spoke only of that part of his career that will shine with undiminished luster on the pages of history, when the Shepherds, Beiknaps, Bab-cocks and Robesons will be forgotten. In the same manner the many grand and ennobling traits of President Ar thur's character have been put forward in bold relief, as they deserved, and no allusions were made to any political episodes which might disturb the harmony of grief. It remained for the New York Tribune, a paper to whose blind, stupid partisanship nothing is sacred, to profane the occasion of the funeral of President Arthur, and desecrate the sanctity of the especial day of

mourning, by a fling at President Cleveland and the Democratic party over the remains of the lamented Re publican leader. It would seem as if he term "ghoulish glee" was particularly adapted to this case. The elo-quent tribute paid by President Cleve-land to the memory of the deceased in is admirable proclamation is eagerly seized by the ghoulish Tribune for the purpose of partisan capital. It seek to distort the expression "he performed the duties of his office with dignity and ability," so as to make a certificate of character for the Republican party in general and to cloak the rascalities of Republican officials for years past. It has the hardinood to say the following:
But since this is the truth, what were President Cleveland's supporters felling when the asserted, in 18-4, that the public service was honeycombed with fraug and rotten from end to end? Were they telling the truth when they declared that President Arthur suffered the Government to be robbed be Secretary Chandler in the conduct of the Navy Department and by Secretary Tellor in the conduct of the Interior Department? Were they telling the truth when they charged that the Treasory Department was administered for the benefit of bankers and rich operators, and that the people were swindled out of millions through its management. Were they telling the truth when they affirmed that these and other departments at Washington were crowded with worthless pensioners of party or tools of corrupt officials; that the rascals filled public places, and that the rascals filled public places, and that the rights and interests of the people were not regarded? It comes to this, that the were lying, or else President Cleveland has intered complimentary words which he knew to be untrue.

According to the Tribune's code of has the hardihood to say the following:

According to the Tribune's code of ethics, no expression of esteem for the ment of the shortcomings of every one officially connected with the person to whose memory the expression is offered as a tribute. Pursuing this theory. t would have been necessary for Presdent Cleveland, on the occasion of the death of General Grant, to have qualified his remarks by allusions to the arpet-bag governments of the South luring the days of reconstruction, to Babcock, Belknap and Robeson, to the Credit Mobilier and District of Columoia frauds, and other subjects of like Part of the price which every eminent unpleasant nature. What would the man pays for his exalted or prominent American people have thought of the application of the Tribune's theory? Such a despicable attempt on the part of the *Tribune* to whitewash the rascals of its party at the grave of an illustrious citizen must cause a feeling of disgust and contempt in the breast of every Amer-ican. What President Cleveland's

supporters asserted in 1884 has been tound not only true, but only a faint estimate of to real condition of affairs. The opening of the books has opened the eyes of the American people to the shameless character of Republican government. The books showed that then the present Administration went into power there were nearly \$10,000 .-000 deficiencies due the Government ander Republican rule, that millions were squandered in the Navy Depart-ment without giving the country a navy, that the public domain was wasted on corporations and favorites, that the treasury was being drained by all sorts of rascals, from deputy marshals to colossal rings, and that the Pension Office was made an electioneering bureau. The shameful story has been told before in those columns how the public service, under Republican

administration, was honeycombed with fraud and rotten from end to end.

But because President Cleveland paid a graceful tribute to the memory of his immediate predecessor, the Tribune would have it that he testified to the purity of the entire Republican party. What must the friends of Presdent Arthur, and, indeed, all fairminded people, think of this exhibition of "ghoulish glee" on the part of Mr. Blaine's organ? Perhaps the Tribune forgets the savage and brutal attacks it made on the dead President at the time of the Garfield tragedy, when it classed him with Guiteau. The American people do not forget them. may endeavor to use the kindly words of President Cleveland to remove some of the tattoo marks from its "perpetnal candidate for the Presidency. since it has distorted them to exonerate Chandler, Teller and other Republican ex-officials from the charges proved aga nst them. We shall see.— Albany Argus.

## INGRATITUDE PERSONIFIED. stone, the Ex-District Attorney of Pennsylvania, Is the Man-Foully Abusing

an Administration Which Sheltered There is no Democrat in the country

who will not thank President Cleveland for the stand he has taken in the case of William A. Stone, United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania. It will se recalled to mind that Stone was suspended for making campaign speeches in Pennsylvania in the month of Ocober and that not many days since he applied to the Attorney-Gen-ral for restoration to office on the ground that his political work did not Atlanta Constitution.

interfere with the discharge of his official duties. If Stone had a particle of manhood in his composition he would have seerned a suggestion that he ask an Administration he had sayagely attacked for a favor of any kind. The warm expressions of esteem and admiration for the late President Arcripple the Administration than Stone, who is noted for his venom and malice, must be surrounded by men who are There is not even a per- in active sympathy with it and not by fellows who leave nothing undone to poison the public mind against it. diced person, and it is gratifying to know that the President recognizes it lican papers may how as they will over the emphatic refusal to restore Stone to office, but they will convince nobody that injustice was done in the slightest degree. It would be impossible to imagine any thing more damaging to an Administration than hordes of Federal officers throughout he country, denouncing it most bittery and resorting to the vilest false hoods to strengthen their argument. Sure and certain defeat would overtake such Administration, no matter how beneficial its policy might be to the whole country. It seems that charges were made against Stone a year and a half ago because of his of-fensive partisanship, but he was al-lowed to remain under the impression that he would refrain from pursuing such a course as would wantonly of fend and irritate the friends of the Administration, who insisted that he be retained in office. If he had been ousted then, as he ought to have been, there would be no whining appeals from him now. But he is out now, and is to be hoped that he may be fol owed by hundreds of other Republic ans whose tongues heap abuse on an Administration which has shown them too much leniency .- Buffalo Times.

### A BROAD DISTINCTION. The English Reform of the Civil Service as Compared with That of the United

States.

The absurd and dishonest manner in which Mr. Blaine following the correspondent of the New York Tribune, has tried to misrepresent the purpose and nature of the investigation into the English civil service has had one good effect. It has called attention to he essential features of the reformed service both in England and in this country, and has led to better understanding of the differences between the two, and especially of the practical nature of our own system. The changes that have been brought about n the two countries have had some things in common, but they have also varied with the causes that produced them. In both cases the principle of admission by open competition and subsequent probation was adopted; but in England the evil to be reme died was favoritism, partly based on the pretensions of aristocratic famlies and partially springing from the use of offices to purchase votes in Parliament, while in this counthe evil was chiefly partisan dead is permissible without being at-tended with a plain, unvarnished state-amount of chicanery on the part of the distributers of patronage. The lifficulties in which the English system is involved do not arise at all from the competitive principle, though there have been mistakes in its application but largely from the aristocratic bias that has survived the reform and which has tended to form a sort of hierarchy in the service. This in turn has been rendered more inflexible and unmanageable by the system of penions dependent chiefly on length of service which is still a fixed part of the English plan. These elements have combined to make the English service bureaucratic, with the incidents of red tape, timidity, rigidity and lack of "go" natural to bureaucracy.

On the other hand, the difficulties to

which the reformed portion of our service is exposed -and it must be remembered that it is still a very small portion-are of quite another character. They spring from the innate tendency of the American mind in any occupa tion to depend upon its own resources. to neglect system and strict order, and to depend on ingenuity, energy and decision to meet emergencies as they arise. The American system requires, therefore, precisely the opposite treat-ment to the English. It needs clear and uniform rules, firmly and fairly enforced, with constant and vigilant supervision and the greatest consistenin the application of the rules. There is no danger of bureaucracy here. The men employed in public work do not tend that way; the source of regulation, namely, the legislation of Con gress, is too variable to permit t, and finally the American people would not suffer it in a service over which they have ultimate, though in-direct, control. The common terms used by the two races indicate the wide difference in their temper in these matters. The Englishman 'growls," the American "kicks," and the office-holders with us are always so intimately connected with the general public, are so much part of it and in sympathy with it, that there is no probability, and hardly a possibil-ity, of their becoming a "class" apart. Moreover, the qualities our officers have shown, even under the depraved and demoralizing influence of the spoils system can, under proper regulation, be made extremely valuable, and this without the slightest danger of their usurping privileges not be-longing to them, or assuming an offensive bearing.

This needs, as we have said, a more perfect and harmonious system, with air and uniform rules carefully applied by means of adequate inspection and authoritative central control. It is noteworthy that the course of the Civil-Service Commission has been steadily in this direction, and more markedly so since the Administration of Mr. Cleveland came in than at any time before. The present commission has steadily advanced in its grasp of the duties imposed upon it and the powers conferred by the law. It has extended its investigations, kept closer watch on the examinations, guarded more jealously its own rights, both of initiative and of judgment on appeal, and has striven to inspire the body of officers with whom it deals with a common understanding of and a common respect for the vital principles of the reform .- N. F. Times.

Brother Blaine, it appears, wants to flirt with John Sherman's friends, —

PITH AND POINT.

-A new book is entirted "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls." We trust that

-Manya man who thins - going to set the world after finds to and sorrow that somebody has turned the gose on him. - New Have a News.

-Patient: "What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?" Doc-"Great Scott! man, isn't that just what I am trying to save you from? "Was she his wife?" asked a married woman of an acquaintance. "Yes. Why do you ask?" "Because they were so jolly together. You don't often see married people jolly together in public, you know."—Harner's Weekly.

-Women do not swear, but the profanest man in America would give five dollars if he could imitate the expression of a good woman when she hits her thumb with the hammer and says: "Mercy on me!"—Burdette.

-Teacher-The object of this lesson is to inculcate obedience. Do you know what to obey is? Apt Pupil-Yes, marm; I obey my pa. "Yes, that's right. Now tell me why you obey your father?" "Because he bigger'n me."— N. Y. Telegram.

-Old lawyer (to young partner) Did you draw up old Moneybag's will? Young partner—Yes, s r; and so tight that all the relations in the world can not break it. Old lawyer (with some disgust)-The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself .-N. Y. Sun

-Minister (in grocery store)-I and pleased to see, Mr. Sugarsand, that motto on the wall, "Honesty is the best It will pay you from a business point of view, to say nothing of any thing else. Mr. Sugarsand (hopefully)-I hope so, sir; but I haven't tried it long enough yet to make a fair test of it. -N. Y. Sun.

-Youth (in the barber's chair) -I say, do you think I'll ever have a mus-Barber (after thorough examination)—Well, I can't say as I do.
"Hem, that's vewy odd. Why, my
gov'ner has a tremendous mustache." "Ah! that may be; but perhaps you take after your ma!" - Worcester Gazette.

-"No. George," she said. "I can not marry you. I shall always esteem you as a friend, but I can not be your wife." George hesitated. "Clara," brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go away forever?" "Yes, George," she replied, kindly. "What George," she replied, kindly. "What is it?" "Please put your refusal down on paper. I'll feel safer."—Harper's

-The son of a butcher had great difficulty in tractions, although his teacher did his very best. "Now, let us suppose," said the teacher, "that a customr came to you father to buy five pounds of meat, and you father had only four to sell-what would be do?" his hand on the meat while he was " was the candid answer -Chicago Standard.

### MONKEY INTELLIGENCE.

A Claim That It Does Not Display Itself in a Penchant for Mimicry. The authority of Scripture (I Kings.

x:xxii) warrants the belief that monkeys formed an article of commerce as much as twenty-eight centuries ago, so that no lack of time can have prevented us from studying their habits; yet it would hardly be an overestimate to say that nine hundred and ninety -nine of a thousand men persist in the belief that monkeys have a passion for imitating the tions of that, for instance, an ape, seeing his master shave himself, would take the first opportunity to get hold of a razor and scrape or cut his own throat. Now, how could that idea ever survive this age of zo-ological gardens? Marcus Aurelius held that the sum of all ethics was the rule to "love truth and justice, and live without anger, in the midst of lying and unjust men. Yet the occupation of a monkey-trainer would put that tolerance to a severe test. an intelligence surpassing With of the most gent dog, a monkey combines an ultramulish degree of obstinacy, and, rather han mitate the demonstrative manipulations of the kindest instructor, he will sham fear, sham lameness, sham heartdisease, and generally wind up by falling down in a sham fit of epileptic convulsions. I have owned monkeys of at least twenty different speces, and have never been able to d scover the slightest trace of that supposed penchant for mim cry. A boy may take off his coat and turn a thousand somersets, Jacko will watch the phenom non only with a view to getting his fingers into the pockets of the unguarded coat. Litt up your hand a hundred t mes. Jacko will w tness the proceeding with calm indifference, unless a more emphatic repetition of the man cuvre should make him luck his head to dodge an anticipated blow. He has no desire to follow any human precedents whatever, and the apparent exceptions from that rule are, on his part, wholly un ntent onal and merely a natural result of ana omical analogies. An angry hamadryas baboon, for instance, will strike the ground with h s list not because any Christian visitors have ever set him that ball example, but because his torefathers have thus for ages vented their wrath on the rocks of the Nubian highlands. A capuch n monkey will pick huckleberries with his fingers, not in deference to civilized customs, but be cause his fingers are deft and long, and

never volunteer the performance of a popular trick.—Dr Felix L. Oswa'd, in Popular Science Month'y. Heading Off a Borrower.

his jaws very short. Nay, that same

capuchin makey, admit el to a seat at

the breakfast table of a punctilious fam-ily, would be apt to show his contempt

of court by sticking his head in the pud-

professional trainers may modify that

perversity, but during recess the re-

deemed four-hander is sure to drop his mask, and, unlike a trained dog, will

The compulsive methods of

ding dish.

Gilhooly, intending to borrow five dollars from Hostetter McGinnis, leads up to the subject by talking about friendship. Among other things he said:

"Solomon says: 'He who has a fr end has found a treasure.' " McGinnis, who is no fool, perceives what Gilhooly is after and heads him off

by replying:
"I think Solomon got that proverb upside down. Instead of reading: Ho who has a friend indis a treasure," is should be: 'He who finds a treasure,' it should be: 'He who finds a treasure basa friend.' There is no friend like money. It is a man's best friend, and he should never part with his best friend.''

Gilhooly, perceiving that he is whistling up the wrong tube, moves off to explore some more promising field. —

Toxas siftings.